

WOMAN SCARED TO DEATH

Mrs. Cambridge Was in a Room with Michael Brown, a Longshoreman.

Mrs. Ellen Walters, an Acquaintance, Broke in the Door and Struck and Upbraided Her.

THEN MRS. CAMBRIDGE FELL DEAD.

First the Police Thought She Had Been Murdered, an Autopsy Showed That She Had Died of Heart Disease, Mrs. Walters Arrested.

A young married woman, Lottie Cambridge, of No. 4 Cottage place, who suffered from heart disease, was scared to death by Mrs. Ellen Walters, of No. 8 Clarkson street, Monday afternoon about 5 o'clock. Mrs. Walters, who had been Mrs. Cambridge's friend, burst in the door of a room in Clarkson street where she was with Michael Brown, who is Mrs. Walters's common-law husband.

The police of the Charles Street Station and Coroner Doherty at first believed that they had to deal with a case of homicide under peculiarly mysterious and puzzling circumstances. Mrs. Walters is said to have been held without bail by the Coroner. Detectives were seeking Michael Brown, who is a longshoreman, yesterday.

Mrs. Lottie Cambridge was twenty-two years old and rather pretty. Her husband, Patrick Cambridge, is a beef carrier in Gansvoort Market and a steady and respectable man. Two weeks ago he left his wife and went to live with his parents in Hoboken because of her drinking habits.

John Fisher Lost One Long Ago and Has an Acquaintance Arrested.

Bernard Horststein, president of the Harmonic Quartet Club, of Williamsburg, was a prisoner in the Lee Avenue Police Court yesterday on a charge of larceny.

John K. Fisher, another member of the club, charged Horststein with stealing a

seal skin cap three years ago. The cap was lost by Fisher at a ball.

Two weeks ago the woman attended a musical. Horststein was seen at the ball. He believed he recognized as the one who had stolen the cap. He called on the next day and showed the cap to the woman. She said she had lost it and he was discharged.

FLAMES IN A MADHOUSE.

Fire Breaks Out in the Insane Asylum at Beaufort, Quebec.

Quebec, Feb. 4.—About 11 o'clock this morning fire started in the men's department of the insane asylum at Beaufort. This department is an attached wing at the east end of the main building, and was occupied at the time by over 500 inmates.

The asylum fire brigade got promptly to work and in a short time was joined by the Quebec firemen, and there being a good supply of water in the asylum water works, the fire was soon under control, notwithstanding that a strong easterly wind was blowing.

Fortunately the inmates of the building were at dinner when the fire started, and being all together, they were quickly and safely removed to the main building. The origin of the fire is as yet unknown.

East Side Theosophists Meet.

The White Lotus, centre of the Theosophical Society of America, gave a dinner last night at No. 278 East Houston street. H. L. Patterson, president of the society, presided. Dinners are held monthly. The object is to draw together in a fraternal way people living on the East Side of New York who are interested in the idea of brotherhood, but who look upon the question more or less differently than the Theosophists do.

COURT NOTES.

Thomas J. C. Conzone began suit yesterday to recover \$10,000 from John Wood, who keeps a gymnasium at No. 81 Grand street. He was employed by Wood. One of the grounds for the suit was that Wood caused his arrest on suspicion that he had taken it. The case is before Judge Freeman in Part VII of the Supreme Court, and will be continued to-day.

Justice MacLean, in Special Term of the Supreme Court, yesterday dismissed a suit brought by William Lord against Spillman & Co., dry goods merchants, of No. 81 Grand street, to recover \$10,000 damages for breach of contract for the co-ordination of the American Silk and the silk department, of which Lord was manager for several years.

Justice S. J. applied to Justice MacLean, in the Supreme Court yesterday for a peremptory writ of habeas corpus to restore him to his position as a foreman in the Bureau of Street Cleaning, which he was discharged October 1, 1895, by William Spillman, who was appointed in his place. General Calkins declared he was dismissed for neglect of duty.

Justice Marshall J. Salmon, Edward J. Moloney and Robert C. Hewitt were before Justice Gieroch yesterday, in Part V, of the Supreme Court, to defend an action brought by Charles F. Myer for \$10,000 damages. Myer claims that on March 18, 1895, Salmon, acting for the co-ordination, entered the American Silk, of which he was proprietor, and while seated in the furniture acted in such a belligerent manner as to drive away the guests. The case will be continued to-day.

The will of the deceased J. Donnell, who was filed in the Surrogate's office yesterday, for a peremptory writ of habeas corpus to restore him to his position as a foreman in the Bureau of Street Cleaning, which he was discharged October 1, 1895, by William Spillman, who was appointed in his place. General Calkins declared he was dismissed for neglect of duty.

The Lungs are Strained and Racked by a persistent Cough. The patient, a woman, an incurable complaint, established thereby, Dr. J. H. Eschmann, an effective remedy, for Cough and Cold.

For the Liver, use Jayne's Painless Sensitive Pills.

BRIDES STRANGELY WON.

One Wife Found in a Box of Candy—Another Got a Husband Through a Spool of Thread.

Crawfordsville Ind., Feb. 4.—R. M. Skelton and Miss Anna Yeoman were privately married at Peoria, Ill., yesterday. The bride was employed for many years in one of the wholesale candy manufacturing establishments in Marion, Ind. A short time ago, while packing a large carton she slipped her card into the package with a request on it that whoever should receive it would send it back to her, mentioning the name of the sender and the place from which it was sent. This box, with several other boxes of candy, was shipped to a large retail candy store in Peoria.

Mr. Skelton, a bachelor, of about forty years, one of Peoria's prominent and wealthy business men, happened to purchase the box of candy. He complied with the request on the card and sent a correspondence was begun that resulted in Mr. Skelton visiting the Hoosier girl. They proved mutually agreeable to each other. Mr. Skelton soon making a proposal of marriage and Miss Yeoman accepting. The ceremony was duly solemnized. Today they came to this city, where they were met by Mr. Skelton's mother and a party of friends from Chicago.

Middleton, N. Y., Feb. 4.—Eugene Green, a well known man in Syracuse, paid a visit to his sister at Tusawood, Sullivan county, last fall. Changing to pick up a neglected spool of thread he read:

"Whoever discovers this will confer a favor by addressing Miss Lena Drake, Williamstown, Conn."

It had been written in lead pencil on the spool. Green rightly conjectured that it was from a girl employed in one of the factories there. His sister, who feared that her brother was likely to become a confirmed bachelor, suggested that he write to the girl. The brother laughed at the idea, but finally concluded to write just for amusement. He put a prompt answer and soon discovered that his correspondent meant business.

He rather liked the tone of her letters, and when she sent him a photograph of a young woman just in the prime of life, pretty as a peach, he became more than interested. He sent his own photograph, and soon the letters became real love letters, and as a result Mr. Green called upon the young woman. An engagement resulted, and yesterday, after three months' courtship, they were married at Williamstown, Conn.

FOR A THREE-YEAR-OLD CAP.

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MISTOOK SEIDEL FOR A BURGLAR.

Beer Bottler Hans Theede Shoots His Friend and Kills Him.

The Dead Man Was Trying to Aid His Master at the Time.

ESCAPE OF THE REAL THIEVES.

They Were Endeavoring to Rob a Clothes Line at 2 o'clock in the Morning.

When Discovered by the Wife of the Man Who Fired the Shot.

If Hans Theede, a prosperous beer bottler living at No. 317 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, had not been such a crack shot he would not have killed Franz Seidel, a trusted workman in his employ, believing him to have been a burglar.

This sad result of a fear of burglars happened along about 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

The family laundry hung upon the ropes attached to the pole, and, in a second Mrs. Theede understood that petty burglars were trying to rob the lines of their burdens.

"Hans! Hans!" whispered Mrs. Theede excitedly. "Some one is trying to get into the house."

Theede, half asleep, jumped from his bed and tore his trowsers from the wall overhead. Then he ran into the servant's room, threw open the window and fired a shot aimlessly in the air. As he did so he saw the burglar upon the pole slide rapidly to the ground, where he was joined by a second man. Theede ran back to a bureau in his bedroom, hurriedly grasped a cartridge from a box standing upon it, and reloaded his weapon.

Seidel, he shouted to his wife. Then he hung open his trowsers in his bedroom, which is exactly above a similar window opening into the kitchen on the floor below. As he did so he saw the dark form of a man in a crouching position, with one foot on the kitchen window sill and the other resting on the fence which separates the One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Sixteenth street buildings. Theede was only twelve feet above the crouching man, and he had a splendid mark for the shot which, without a moment's hesitation, he fired at the broad back of the dark form. With the sound of the shot the man below him whirled over sideways and disappeared into the three foot space between the fence and the Theede dwelling.

"I've killed the burglar," shouted Theede. "Where is Seidel and Kraft?"

Theede, after dressing himself quickly, reloaded his rifle and hurried to the rear of the house. There he found Kraft standing with a white face and shaking all over with fear. Together they picked up the wounded supposed burglar and carried him into the house and lighted the gas.

"Let me look at his face," said Theede. "My God, it's Franz Seidel!"

He had shot his friend. Theede was right. The supposed burglar was none other than his trusted employe and friend. Seidel evidently had heard the first shot fired by Theede, and had hurried into his underclothing and trousers, flung an overcoat over his shoulders and had made his way as quickly as he could to the kitchen of the house. Then, intent on aiding his employer, he had clambered out of the kitchen window in his anxiety to catch the burglars, and had been shot.

And the burglars? They had made their escape long before.

Theede hurriedly ran for the police, and Patrolmen Wade and McKenna, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, quickly responded. Surgeon Opydke and a Harlem Hospital ambulance soon came clanging to the Theede house, but he could do nothing for Seidel. The bullet from the Flaubert rifle had entered the faithful servant's back just below the left shoulder-blade, and had pierced the left lung. Seidel was unconscious when picked up. In half an hour he died of internal hemorrhage without speaking a word—died like a faithful dog in trying to protect his master's property.

Then the body of Seidel was taken to the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, followed by the grief-stricken employer, who was locked in a cell pending an investigation. Later the body was taken to the Harlem Morgue, but last evening it was removed to Duffy & Sons' undertaking rooms, at No. 1852 Third avenue, at the request of Adolphe Weismann, a brother-in-law of Theede, who paid by Theede, as Seidel has no relatives in this country. Burial will be made in the Lutheran Cemetery to-morrow.

Theede was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court yesterday. Although in cases of this kind prisoners are usually held for the Coroner's office, Magistrate Mott said he proposed to overrule the Coroner and personally investigate the accident. Accordingly he ordered Theede to be locked up in the Harlem Court Jail, without bail, upon a charge of homicide. He will be further examined to-day, and will be represented by ex-District Attorney De Lacey Nicol.

WORLD RATHER HAVE KILLED HIMSELF.

"It was an accident," said Theede. "Poor Seidel was a good fellow. I'd rather have killed myself than him. I wish I never had won that rifle. I wish I did not know how to shoot. But I'll never fire another shot as long as I live. The Harlem Schutzen Corps has lost one of its members. I can tell you."

Since the accident Mrs. Theede has been nervously prostrated. With tears in her big blue eyes she said that Seidel's death had been an accident pure and simple. She told the story of the tragedy to Coroner Doherty, who said that Seidel was undoubtedly killed by Theede, who thought he was a burglar. Absolutely no trace of the two burglars has been found by the police. They probably will never be captured, as no one who saw them can give an accurate description of them.

Two hours after the killing of Seidel Policemen Sherry, Callen and O'Leary saw a man standing near Henry Plunk's saloon, at No. 178 West 145th street, who was a burglar. He was a dark, middle-aged man, with a high forehead, and a serious expression. He was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. He was looking at the ground. He was walking slowly. He was looking at the ground. He was walking slowly. He was looking at the ground. He was walking slowly.

His Body Probably Under the Ice.

Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 4.—The authorities at Milford think that James Burnes, who has been missing from home since Friday last, is dead. It is believed that he jumped from the bridge in the rear of the Town Hall, and, floating down the stream, that the body is now under the ice near Memorial Bridge. Mr. Burnes was seventy-four years old and had been a member of the Legislature. He had suffered signs of mental weakness during late years.

Wissig Sold Out by the Sheriff.

The Sheriff yesterday sold the stock of Philip Wissig, liquor dealer and ex-assemblyman, at No. 270 Grand street, and his right, title and interest in the fixtures and lease of the place.

At 2 o'clock yesterday morning the Theede family and their employe were all fast asleep. Then little Mollie awoke her mother and asked for a glass of water. Theede jumped up to wait on her child. And, as she was giving the tot a drink pulled the curtain to a window in her rear yard to see if it was snowing.

SAW A MAN ON THE POLE.

As she did so, Mrs. Theede saw a man climbing slowly half way up the big shaft of wood which does duty as a clothes pole.

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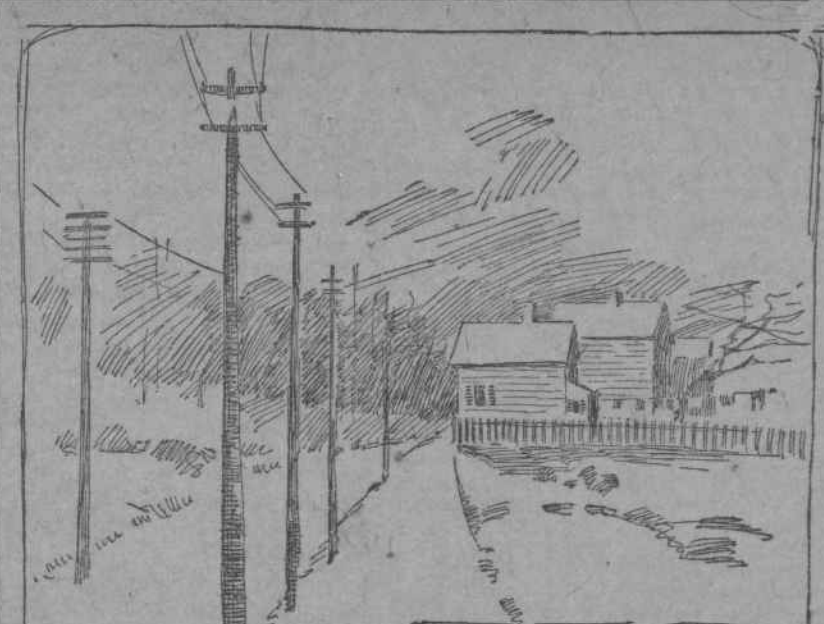
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TRIED TO SMASH A HOUSE.

Trolley Car on a New Jersey Line Climbs a Fence and Splinters a Piazza.

A trolley car of the Union & Middle Sex line, with a trailer attached, jumped the track as it was rounding the curve at Irving street and Milton avenue, in Rahway, N. J., yesterday. So great was the momentum that the cars plunged into the fence of Alfred E. Smith's house, smashing it into kindling wood, then shattered half the front steps, ground up the piazza and only stopped when within a foot of the parlor window.

The car bounded in the flight over a huge stone hearthstone. The motorman jumped for his life when the cars left the tracks. The front platform was broken in pieces and the end of the rear considerably damaged. Travel over the road was interrupted for about half an hour.

The half wrecked house belongs to the estate of Judge Savage, late Consul to Belgium. Indeed, there has been much complaint against the road because of the infrequency with which it runs trains.

DAMAGES FOR LOST LOVE.

Mrs. Walters' Suit Against Mrs. Roth for \$15,000 Damages to Come Up To-day.

In the Brooklyn Supreme Court this morning the case of Mrs. Catherine Walters, of No. 63 Hiram street, against Mrs. Mary Roth, of No. 324 Reobling street, will be heard. The charge against Mrs. Roth is that she alienated the affections of Henry W. Walters, the husband of the complainant, for which Mrs. Walters wants \$15,000 damages. Both of the women are over sixty years of age.

Mr. Roth is a very considerable real estate agent in the Eastern District of the city. He is said to be worth \$20,000. About twenty years ago, says Mrs. Walters, her husband first met Mrs. Roth. Of late years, according to his wife, Mr. Walters has spent much of his time in Mrs. Roth's company, and last year secured a plot in the Lutheran Cemetery, so that when he died he might be buried adjacent to her. In addition he purchased the house which Mrs. Roth lives and deeded it to her.

WILLIS HAS WON AGAIN.

Jacob Worth Sustains Another Defeat in Brooklyn.

James Brenner, of the Tenth Ward, of Brooklyn, was last night elected chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican County Committee at a meeting in the Johnston Building. The result is the consummation of the fight which has been waiting for some time between the Jacob Worth and Theodore B. Willis Republican factions.

The election of last night settles the fact that Worth, who has long been considered the political boss of Brooklyn, is losing his grip.

HIT BY GLEASON'S AXE.

Seven Republican School Teachers in Long Island City Lose Their Places or Are Transferred.

Considerable demoralization exists in the public schools of Long Island City as the result of some sweeping changes made by the Gleason Board of Education on Monday night.

The first teacher who fell a victim to Gleason's axe was Miss Monica Ryan, principal of the Ravenswood Public School. On motion of Commissioner John W. Pabley Principal Ryan was transferred to any vacancy "that may be existing in any of the schools at the present time."

Miss Ryan has been principal of the Ravenswood school for several years. She incurred the displeasure of Mayor Gleason during the last campaign by discouraging the public exhibition during school hours of axes and literature which were disseminated among the pupils of the various schools in the city.

During Gleason's previous administration Miss Ryan was his pet teacher. Martin Joyce, principal of the Fifth Ward School, in Van Alst avenue, was transferred to the Midway school. Mr. Joyce was an adherent of ex-Mayor Sanford, and it is said to be responsible for his transfer.

The Board then appointed P. E. Demarest principal of the Fifth Ward School at a salary of \$1,800 a year. Principal Demarest was appointed Superintendent of Schools by Mayor Gleason three years ago. When Sanford assumed office Demarest was dismissed.

The Board also laid the foundation for a wholesale dismissal of the engineers and other employes in the schools.

STANDARD BOOKS AT 35c

The popular "Astor Library of Standard Literature," Regular 12mos., bound in half leather, with gilt backs and marbled edges, 190 titles, including everybody's favorites. They have been quick sellers at 45 and 50c. We say

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for good, fresh stock. These are some of the titles:

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Airy Fairy Lillian	Donald Grant	In Perils Off	Mu, you the Leader
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Alhambra	East Lynne	John Halifax	Old Curiosity Shop
An April Lady	Emerson's Essays	John Holdsworth	Old Man's Secret
An Egyptian Princess	Ernest Maltravers	Kenelm Chillingly	Old Mortality
Aurora Floyd	Fair Maid of Perth	Kenilworth	Oliver Twist
Barney Rudge	Felix Holt	Last Days of Pompeii	Pamphlet, The
Barry Lyndon	First Violin, The	Last of the Mohicans	Paul and Virginia
Bracebridge Hall	Foul Play	Lorna Doone	Paying the Penalty
Charles Auchester	Frederick the Great	Martin Chuzzlewit	Pelham
Children of the Abbey	General Gordon	Maximilian	Pickwick Papers
Cousin Pons	Glad Elsie	Martin the Skipper	Pilgrim's Progress
Crayon Papers	Griffith Gaunt	Parish Priest	Pilot, The
Daniel Deronda	Gulderoy	Middlemarch	Pioneers, The
Dead Souls	Gulliver's Travels	Mill on the Floss	Prairies, The

Uniform with them are 80 titles of the